

as I drove up Main Street and parked on 6th Avenue, I was aware of the fact that I was being followed by a motorcycle -- JVB. He materialized out of the blue. I didn't ask from whence he came and he didn't clarify. He asked if he could buy me a coffee. "Ypr," said I. I walked down to Muster Point and he drove his cycle. We sat with the Bowell fellow from Jefferson Street in Simpson -- also a National Guard fellow, who works in a slaughterhouse in Germany. He fell at work and sprained a foot & that's how the subject of where he works came up. I interviewed him on his job for about 20 minutes. He was clearly very flattered by my interest in his work. He reported that he kills about 150 animals a day, I believe. The fellow is rather good at verbal exchange and we had a very easy conversation on slaughterhouses. JVB listened with pleasure to the verbal proceedings. We went up to Memorial Park & watered the flower boxes. John was a little uneasy about getting involved in such a task (there were a fair number of kids around) but nevertheless helped me. We knocked on Sue Stephen's door and she helped too. John & I went up to the 3rd floor of CCH and looked around. We sat in 301 and talked: about John K. and his "works" for the CCHSM this summer; about the Erie Railroad (Jefferson Branch); about sophisticated advanced social behavior. John's appointment in Prompton was re-scheduled for tomorrow at 1 P.M. -- it was supposed to be today. He went down to Vo-Tech and practiced welding around him. At about 9:30 or so, we stood in front of City Hall & said bonsoir. JVB got on his cycle and went speedily up Main Street. I walked to my car <sup>on 6th Avenue</sup> & went to Smith's & bought kerosene and returned here. Decided I will have a September social gathering here. Not sure yet of what kind, or when.

Wednesday  
September  
1984

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When I woke up this morning the sun was streaming in through the Dundaff window of the Hall and the light was both warm & cold at the same time -- it was clearly the sunlight of early morning (warm) and yet it was filtered by the translucent glass in the window (which must have been put in when the stained glass was removed when the Church moved) and so the filtered early morning light appeared cool/cold. I luxuriated a-bed and enjoyed the warmth of the <sup>work</sup> horse blanket which I now use as a <sup>bed</sup> cover -- the horse blanket is brown/gold/brown/gold/brown/red/blue -- in stripes, with blue and gold stripes at right angles. The blanket is one that came from the Russell Homestead and so it has very strong emotional overtones attached to it. Probably the property of or a and will, although it might have belonged to Margaret & James Russell. The blanket is in excellent condition at any rate and I recently removed it from a double bag of plastic in which I placed <sup>a large quantity of</sup> moth balls when I packed it away when HCHP gave it to me. I got up, and went directly to my dressing area and put on my bathing suit & light green jacket and went into the kitchen, where I washed the few tea dishes that were there from this morn. The sunlight was very strong in the kitchen, and so I opened the front door of the Church and the sun came pouring in: triumphant, luxurious and jubilant. I stood in the doorway and enjoyed the sun. No air was still very cool and I could see my breath even though it was perfect sun bathing weather. I put on my Danish wooden shoes and went "out back," which, of course, is a euphemism for "going to the out-house." There are still several structural arrangements that I want to make inside the building and so I have not yet used the outhouse: painting and decorating also must take place before I actually use it as well. And so, as I